

THE CALLIOPE

STUDENT JOURNAL
OF
ART AND POETRY

2022



FOREWORD

We are thankful that during these often troubled and uncertain times we can turn to art and poetry to give voice to our thoughts and emotions. In the midst of crisis when we so often feel overwhelmed, we can take solace and seek catharsis in and through the arts. And it is during those times when the world seems to be dark, that the light of beauty shines out even more showing us the way forward.

This edition of the Calliope is dedicated to all our ICC students who through their steadfast determination, their optimism in the face of obstacles, and their light of life, inspire us all.

S.W.

Shawn Whittington – Art Editor

Keith Morris – Poetry Editor

Connor Monaghan – Student Poetry Editor

Jessica George – Student Poetry Editor

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A Cup of Coffee

by Sydney Freeman

A cup of coffee at a coffee shop,
That's where I want our first date to be
You'll order an espresso
I'll order a latte
We'll smile and talk the day away
And when we leave we will step outside,
Into the cold and snowy night
The city lights will twinkle like a million stars
And I will notice you staring at my astonishment

You'll smile, with many years of love behind those
sparkling blue eyes

Your smile will be warm,

And soon met with mine

You'll wrap your coat around us to keep warm

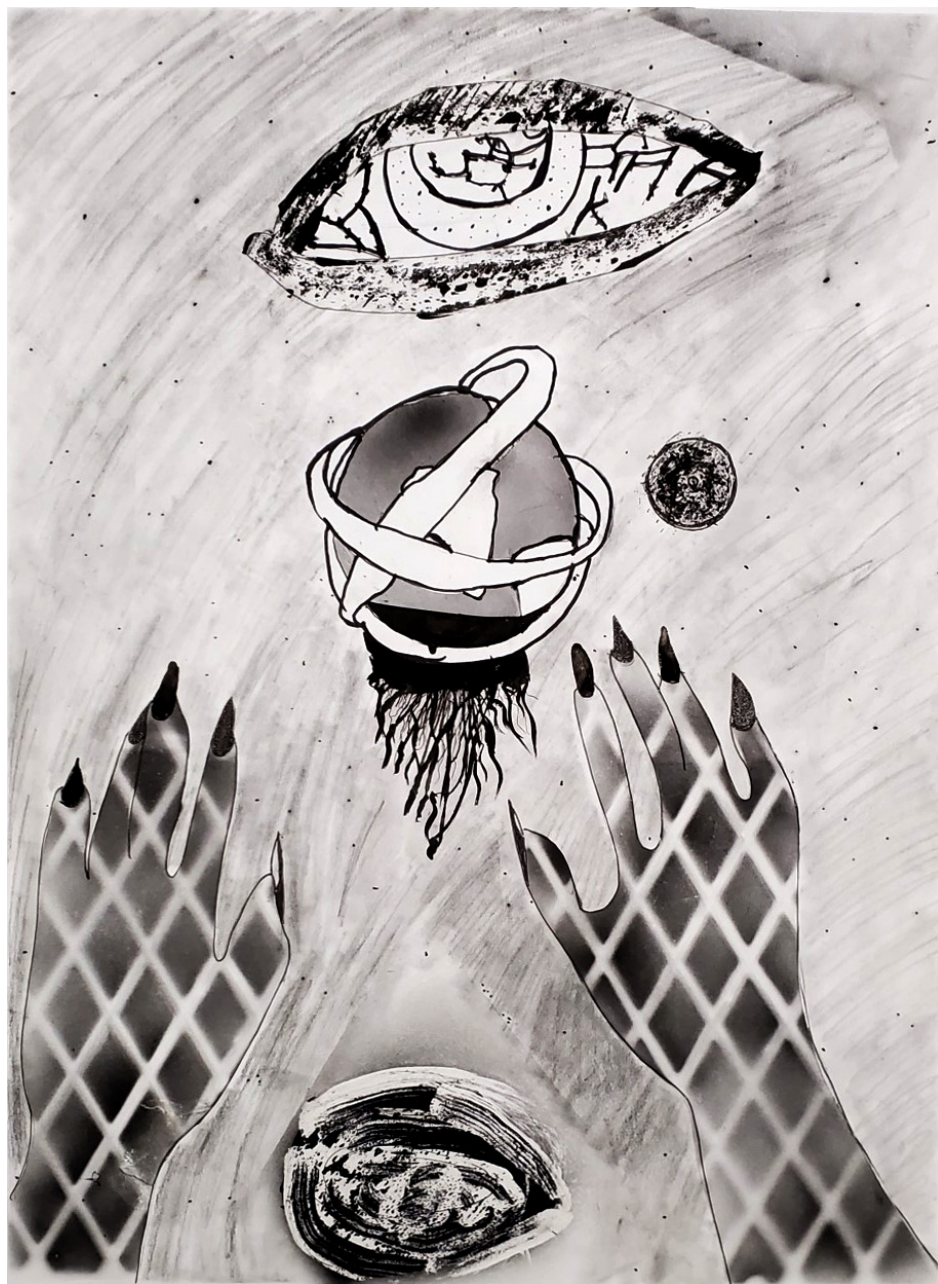
And we'll trudge home with the person we each
adore

Yes, a cup of coffee at a coffee shop...

Our first date,

Your first loving stare,

And the ring for you hidden within my pocket



Do You Know Your Shadow?

by Jaden Cousin

I'm an immoral act
a transgression against divine law
I'm a dark area
the border between light and surface
walking by your side during the day
walking within you during the night
I'm a version of you
you're a version of me
I'm separate but one
Only one is truly at my side
Erembour is mine
I am Erembour's

Time Out

by Emily Moorman

I thought corners were for children
Who scream and cry and pout;
But here I am at eighteen,
Sitting in time out.

I watch my peers evolve
From teens into adults;
They live their life with purpose,
And they're proud of the results.

They meet a special someone
The love they feel is bliss;
They have a bright future
I fear I'm going to miss.

I long to have their promise,
Their joy for tomorrow;
I wish I had what they've all found
Instead, I'm left with sorrow.



I wish I was as free as them,
Instead, I'm in my spot;
Sitting and wishing and waiting
For my life to form a plot.

I know good things take time,
But time is running out;
For me to live the life I want,
For me to escape my time out.

That June

by TayaRenea Baggett

For a while,
I was more
Than just me.
I was something
That you loved.



Potholes

by Connor Monaghan

Roads vary
Much like lives
Flexuous paths
Conflicting directions
Surfaces bend
Cracks crinkle

I may not know your history
Yet I know the road
Its random uniformity is obvious
From the people who paved it
To the year it was commissioned
To even who paid for it
But, this is far from the same

As I bound these mounds
Creep over these tracks
And avoid these indentions
As I ride the edge
In almost separate dimensions
I see you

I witness your frown
I gawk at your smile
Yet I do not *know* you
Then you are gone by a mile

All within a blink
Never seen again
On this lonely parkway
Lord knows where you have been

Are you talking?
Or are you singing?
If it is the former,
Whose ears are listening?

You seem so upset at times
I considered the song could be emotional
Does it reach a forgotten place?
If so, from what angle?
I've noticed something on your face.

Is it the long drive that permits your thoughts?
Why do they not appear elsewhere?
Is it mere boredom that provokes you?
Or perhaps it's inevitable
Therefore, you save it for the road and the many
few in the other lane.

Are your words addressed?
Directed at the driver?
Or the casual doe spotlighted by your fog lights?
Or are they for me?
You probably never knew I saw
You probably never knew I existed
Yet, I saw
I felt your words
Even through that illegal tint
I resonated.



I too, think too much
Maybe you don't
But from your expression
And your choice of *this* road
You do.

You don't speed
You can't speed
The asphalt is hypnotizing
Your body detaches
Allowing your mind to feed.

The evening is intoxicating
Don't roll down your window
Your body has been waiting

Cage yourself in that leather
Situating
Thinking
This way, you won't be able to blink

Pay attention to the road
Let your mind not deter
But align
Turn your ride into a blur
Then, you can succeed

Maybe it was a good song
I don't know your souls
Yet, I can only imagine
Dodging these potholes.



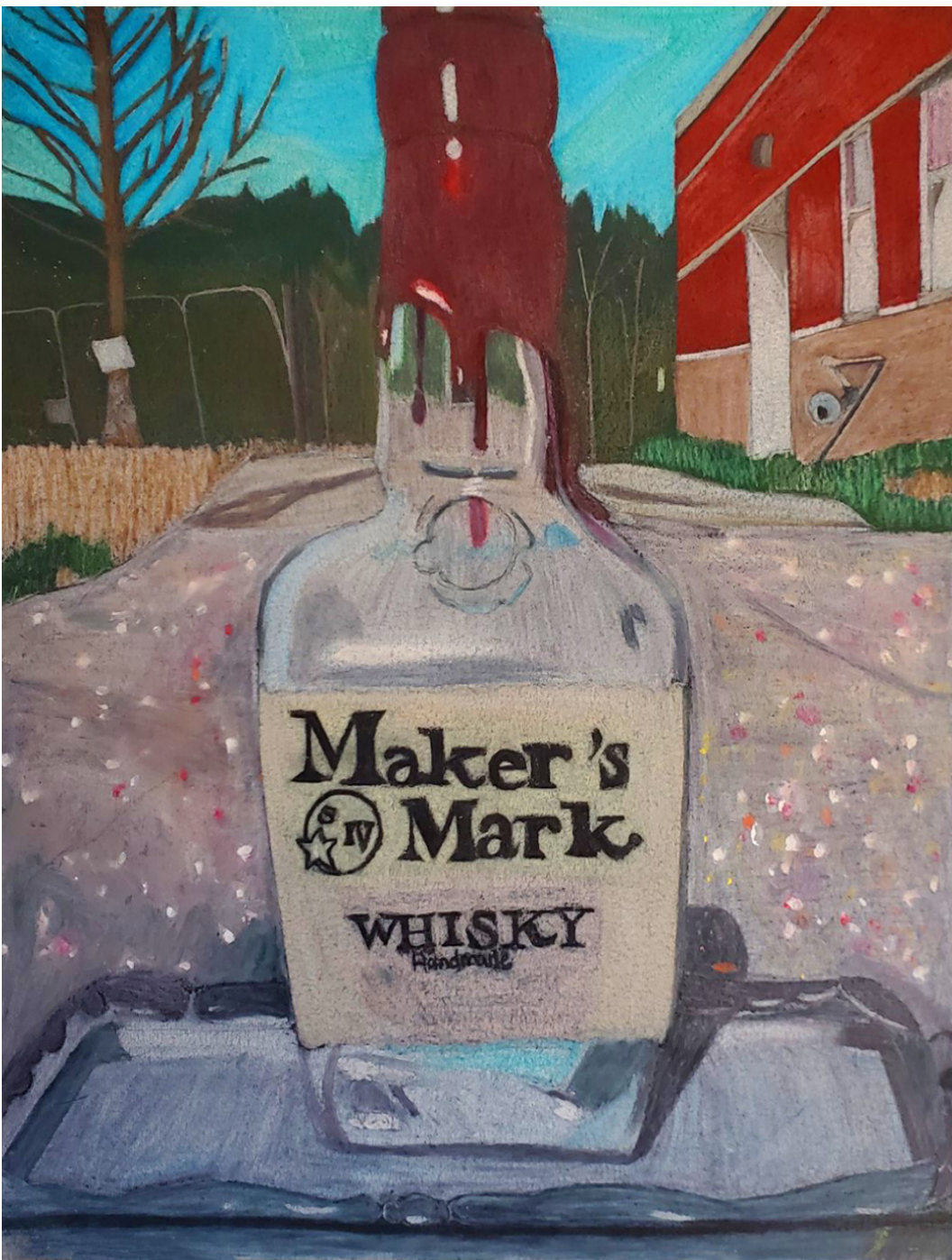
seaglass

by Alisha Boren

its beauty both undeniable and easy to
overlook

smooth edges from waves going by and by
from this beauty, trash took—

people give notion to this beauty with
simply a sigh

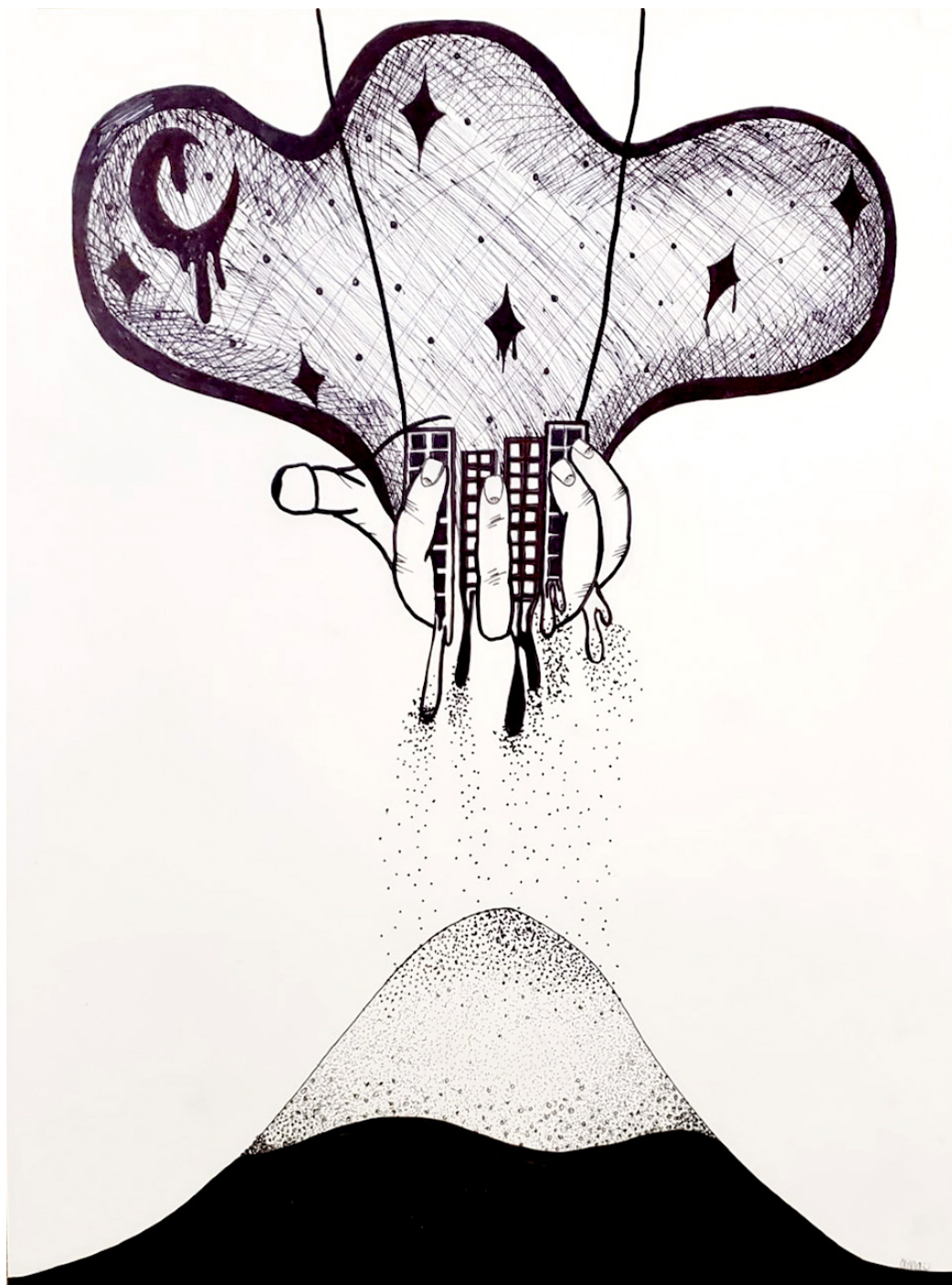


Only a Daughter

by Ruth McGee

Oh, how I envy the sun
The scorching sphere that instructs time
He has been here since it begun
He has witnessed everything since his first climb
Oh, how I envy the sun
The blazing ball that ascended the garden of
Eden
He has examined the world on his infinite
excursion
He will never know oblivion
Alas, I am not the sun, only a daughter

My life will have a conclusion
But the sun shall never falter
For me forever is an elusive illusion
Alas, I am not the sun, only a daughter
A brief beauty, living only momentarily
Trying to avoid woeful worry with lovely
laughter
For the daughter's life is tragically temporary
Oh, how I envy the sun



Ocean Eyes

by Alexandra Hidalgo

Grey skies and ocean eyes
A blue-eyed girl watches the waves as she sits
quietly on a rock
She notices the vigorous waves crashing against
the bank as a storm boil
When might this chaos stop?

The ocean is battling itself
Pushing and pulling everything in its way
The loudness of the waves crashing against the
bank scares the girl
As she waits for the waves to calm and the noise
to go away

She wishes for nothing more than to see
the light of day again
Struggling to find it she buries her head
Realizing there is nowhere to hide
The only way out is to look ahead

As she looks out at the edge of a water,
a seashell is spotted
The skies clear as she runs to grab it
before it's taken back
Even though the battle of the ocean was
scary
She found out that focusing on the good
in the storm was all she lacked



The Rotting Chair

by Austin Keith Mooneyham

In the utter absence of the very vessel that propelled me
I am only reminded of the memory of muscle
But no muscle memory
For I am now simply a chair
Furniture for a room
prepared
To be observed and groomed

Decorative as I have become
The ants and termites feast upon the splinters shadowed by
the setting sun
Extinguishing the wooden lifeblood that is now my only
character
Approaches the realization that I am becoming clutter
Occupying space
While my dilapidated legs rot into waste

The walls whisper rumors about the marrowless chair
among them
About the chair's twisted amygdala and warped conscious
conundrums
A molded and mildewed aura left by the chair's presence
Spills the larvae and grubs that infect the chair's essence
The walls so devilishly whisper that the chair was once a
man
But he is now only a decoration
Subject to earth's disintegration

A decrepit chair
Whose former glory and tidiness were so mistakenly
excused by manly ignorance
Now stands a rotten and splinted innocence
And for those who dare to rest their bones upon this chair
Beware the protruding and puncturing nails of maleficence.



Cracks

by Gavin Caples

Shattered in a mask, it leaks from my eyes.
Then, it snaps back into place, not even a
crack. No but wait no but wait, no but
wait. I see it now. There it is. It is small,
but it will grow. I can see it, the crack the
crack. It's small, but it will grow, it will
grow.

How long? How long until the façade
shatters again? Try over and over
loops endless; none of it helps. I'm
slowly slipping by. It never goes
away. It pulls me down and drains me
of everything, leaving me unsated,
and hungry, but for what?



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8TH EDITION

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